

Historic, archived document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS
(Episode #1:7)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WFLD

(11:30-11:50 PM)
TIME

(FEBRUARY 1, 1966)
DATE

(FRIDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET RANGERS SONG

ANNOUNCER:

Several million people who visited the National Forests last year know that the National Forests, located in 37 States of the Union and in Alaska and Puerto Rico, are not created solely for the purpose of growing timber. Recreation is one of the major uses of the National Forests, and the U. S. Forest Service is constantly improving the recreational facilities, in line with its long-standing policy that the National Forests are to be administered for the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

Winter sports are very much in the spotlight these days--the Forest Service is cooperating closely with a number of clubs and organizations interested in skiing and other winter sports. In the last couple of years, many of the National Forests have been provided with ski runs and other winter sports facilities built by CCC camps under Forest Service supervision or by winter sports associations cooperating with the Forest Service.

Well, today we find Ranger Jim at his desk at the Pine Cone Ranger Station just as Mr. Van Alister, the wealthy New Yorker who was often before visited was friends of the Pine Cone Ranger District, is arriving --

(LIGHT OF DOOR)

JM: Come in!

VA: (COMING UP) Hello, Jim.

JIM: Well, well - Van, you're the last one I'd expect to see here this time of year. Thought you'd be flocking to Florida, basking in the sunshine while we're digging out from under the snow up here.

VAN: Well, it's a long story ... but Jim, I want you to meet a friend of mine, the Count deRogny: - deRogny, this is Forest Ranger Jim Robbins - you've heard me talk a lot about him on our way out here.

COUNT: I am extremely honored, Mistr - er - Ranger ...

JIM: Jim Robbins is the name, and I'm mighty pleased to meet you. Sit down, both of you. Make yourself at home.

VAN: Thanks, Jim. Have a cigar? DeRogny? Well, Jim, I'll tell you what brings me here instead of flocking to Florida with the rest of the migratory birds...I've been attending a director's meeting in Chicago: bumped into de Rogny there - hadn't seen him since we last met over in Switzerland. DeRogny's on business in this country, but I dragged him out here with me for a little holiday. He's quite a famous man, Jim.

COUNT: Now, Van Allister, you - what you say over here! - You lay it on too thick? It is not true - what he says, Mistr Ranger.

VAN: Sure it is. Jim, DeRogny's quite a well-known ski addict. He told me the other day that even with all the snow we've been having, that if he didn't get a chance to go a little skiing, he'd start frothing at the mouth -- or words to that effect. So I brought him up to the good old Pine Dood district. I'm always looking for a good chance to get up in this country anyway, you know. -- Now Jim, I'm on the spot. I said there was good skiing up here. Is there, or is there not?

JIM: Well, Van, you're a fool for luck. As a matter of fact, we had the boys over at the CCC camp working on a winter sports development job last fall, and they've just fixed a whole lot of good ski runs. Some other sports we had out here claim it's one of the best runs in this part of the country.

VAN: There you are, DeRogny. What did I tell you? Jim, it should be this way. Over in Europe they've got some mighty fine mountains. You can't laugh off the Alps. But right here in our own country we've got a few too -- and for scenery I'd stick the old Pine Dood district against any of them. I know your Forest Service followed a policy of providing good natural recreation and I was sure there wasn't a better place in the country for winter sports. Of course, DeRogny could have run up East, where they do a pretty swanky business in winter sports, but --

COUNT: It is that way, Forestaine Robbins, there are some things I do not like - and one of them is what you call the world today. To find a hot time this, away from the crowds, amid the towering mountains, alone - but I run away with myself.

VAN: In other words, the Count is slightly pleased with what he's seen so far.

JIM: Well, if that's what he does not want, what's the story of that?

VAN: Right. What shall we do, Jim? Drop over to the CCC camp first, and go to the old man from there?

JIM: I would. I'll call Dave, the Camp Superintendent, and what him you're doing. Maybe he can pull up some grub for you fellows.

COUNT: Eh? I do not follow you --?

VAN: Good, DeRogay. Just an old American custom. Tell Jim, what he wants -- and you'll be seeing us before we leave.

COUNT: It has been a great pleasure to meet one of the American Foresters. In Europe, you know, the Foresters are very, very important persons, and I am sure --

JIM: Well, Count, I don't know how important we are over here -- but we keep trying.

(DOOR CLOSING)

(JIM RINGS TELEPHONE)

JIM: Hello, Camp F-8? Let me speak to Mr. Parsons. -- Dave? This is Jim Robbins -- say, Dave, I'm giving our new ski run over there a little international publicity. Yeah, friend of mine dropped in with a European ski artist. Count DeRogny -- yes, Dave, a real live count. They want to slide down your ski trail. -- Oh, yes, he's the real article. I s'pect he knows his stuff. -- What? -- Some competition eh? (LAUGHS) Dave, I'll take your word for it. Right. Wait 'till I see Van Allister. -- Sure, this afternoon. So long, Ben. (HANGS UP)

(INTERVAL - MUSIC)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BESS: I'll go, Jim. (OFF) Why, Mary, come right in. Go sit down with Jim, -- we're just having lunch. Do you like biscuits and honey?

MARY: I love 'em, Mrs. Robbins, but I've had lunch -- Hello, Mr. Robbins. May I sit down and watch you folks eat?

JIM: Sure, Mary! Bess, I'll bet if you just happened to put a couple of those biscuits in close range, Mary would --

MARY: Don't you do it, Mrs. Robbins. Oh, let me tell you! I'm all excited! Did you know that we have some visiting nobility on the Pine Cone District?

BESS: What do you mean, Mary?

MARY: Mr. Van Allister is here, and he brought a friend. The Count de- something or other. He's really very nice. Said they were going skiing. That's what the Count really came for. He's an expert.

BESS: Mary, I'm sorry you can't surprise me - but Jim told us all about it. You know, the Pine Cone is looking up these days. I've seen a whole lot of folks going through here with skis and sleds and all sorts of paraphernalia. It reminds me of old times when I used to go sledding --

JIM: You bet. Well, you two girls get ready now, we've got a date.

BESS: A date? Where, Jim?

MARY: You mean me too, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Sure -- the CCC boys are going to try some winter sporting on the new ski-run soon as they get in from work this afternoon. Put on your duds, while I crank up the old car.

BESS: Jim Robbins! -- Mary, that's him all over. Doesn't tell a soul anything until he's good and ready. Oh well, come along child, we'll see.

(INTERVAL - MUSIC)

MARY: My, what a crowd! The whole CCC camp must be there. Isn't it a sight? Did the CCC boys do all this work, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: They sure did. They cleared off the low end of the run for spectators, and fixed up the course itself - look up there - you can see a narrow white strip zigzagging down through the trees - that's the run. (HEAR SHOUTS) Come on, let's get over to the finish line - someone's sliding down now!

BESS: There - I can see him - Look, just below that heavy clump of trees - Oh! I thought he'd crashed into them!

MARY: He is moving fast - look at him turn that curve.

JIM: He dug snow that time. I suppose that's a "stem christened" or something of the sort.

MARY: A what?

JIM: Oh, these skiing folk have got their own language. Boy, that was a neat turn! -- He's coming into the home stretch now -- There he is! The gallery is giving him a good hand too. Must have made good time. You see, they clock each man to see who makes the best time over the course.

MARY: Why that was the Count! He's talking to Mr. Parsons.

(VOICES: "Hello, Jim. Howdy, Ranger. Hi there, Mr. Robbins," Etc.)

JIM: Hello, Van, I see your expert tested out our run.

COUNT: Ah, the Forestaire. You were right, they do have good sport here.

VAN: He made the run in 6 point 3, Jim. They say that's good going for that course. I don't think anyone'll be apt to beat that.

VOICE: Chris Olsen, one of our CCC boys, is coming down now. He's fast on them things all right.

MARY: Well, I can't see how he'll beat Count DeRogney -- I mean, Mr. DeRogney is so used to skiing --

COUNT: Thank you so much, Mademoiselle, but I assure you --

(VOICES - CHEERING)

JIM: The boys are sure whooping for their champion. -- Van, no disrespect to the Count, but I'll bet you two agree that young CCC kid wins the meet.

VAN: You're on!

BESS: Oh, look at him come. Did you see him make that turn --
behind the trees? --

(SHOUTING: Attaboy, Chris! Lean on it, Ole! etc.)

COUNT: He is good, Mistaire Van.

VAN: Well, my two cigars are safe enough, though.

JIM: How's it look, Dave? -- He's reached the clearing.

VOICE: He's on time.

(SHOUTS: He's in the clear - here comes Ole!)

MARY: Oh, he slipped!

COUNT: Excellent, perfect!

(SHOUTS: He's over! etc.)

VOICE: Entry, Enrollee Chris Olsen. Time, 6 flat!

(CHEERS)

COUNT: Bravo! Superb!

VAN: Well, Jim, here are your two cigars, you lucky stiff!
DeRogay, come on. Let's go talk to that boy.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Thanks, Van.

BESS: Jim Robbins, what made you think that boy would beat the
Count?

MARY: And why did you bet Mr Van Allister two cigars?

JUN

(CHUCKLING) Well, you see, it's this way. When I met the
 Dave Peterson. He told me they were holding a great party
 somewhere. And that a boy by the name of Chris Olsen was in
 the camp. I asked him if that was the boy who was
 one of his Olsen Olsen who used to be one of our forest guard
 men, he said. Well, his name is dead now, but in the
 last fellow could make a wonderful tree now when he was in
 making second class commission with a lot of it. I told
 fingered that this young fellow was really had a lot of
 skin on his feet before they got his body shot. I think
 a much, and it's better.

EAST

But the story?

THE

Oh yes, I asked Dave if he liked to make figure. Said he
 was a grand old one, too.

(FADING OUT)

ANNOUNCEMENT

Well, it's great again, they say -- this shooting over a mountain on a pair of skis, and the Forest Service is providing winter sports opportunities for thousands of people in the White Mountains, in the Rockies, in California and the Pacific Northwest, and many other places, as a part of its National Forest Recreation program.

Two or three weeks ago Ranger Jim McNeill told about the Forest Service lookout station on the top of Mount Hood in Oregon, one of the highest lookout stations in the United States. We understand that Mrs. C. S. Hatch of Laramie, Wyoming, immediately jumped to the phone and called the nearest Forest Service office to speak to her the lookout on Medicine Bow Peak, which is in the Medicine Bow National Forest in Wyoming. Correct, Mrs. Hatch! Mount Hood is 11,000 feet. The Forest Service lookout on Medicine Bow Peak is 12,005 feet high -- and therefore wins the honor.

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be on the air next week. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

11:55:00 PM
-19-58

